Jill's story

I'd worked hard to get this job. The interview itself had required a

lot of preparation, I'd had to study various technical programming details

and did many online trial tests and questions. So getting it had been a

real challenge and one which I was very happy to have succeeded at.

On my first day I was met in the lobby by Matt. He was to be my

immediate manager. He took me up the internal glass elevator to what was

to be my new office. Most offices are open plan these days, although the

desks in this office were not all joined together. I was shown to a desk

which had a glass top and sides and was opposite my colleges desk but

separated by about 3 meters. I was surprised that there was no modesty

partition, especially with the desks being glass. But I guess being new

and the only girl on the team meant that such things hadn't been considered

before. I'd make a note to take it up with the right person at the right

time. And another note not to wear short skirts to work!

Matt's desk was off to the side of mine. Matt introduced me to Dave,

the college who had the desk opposite mine, he was also on Matt's team.

Dave was also a programmer and junior to me by one grade. He seemed like a

very nice guy and was friendly and chatty from the start. I'd worn a skirt

on my first day, luckily a modest one, even so I thought I caught Dave

peering once or twice a little lower that the top of my desk. Who could

blame the man I thought, I have decent legs - I'd just have to help his

weak will by reducing the exposure tomorrow. Later I saw Dave fiddling

with his phone slightly suspiciously with the camera pointed in my

direction a bit too steadily. I checked my skirt but it was covering

everything, still if he was taking pictures that was very cheeky I thought.

By the end of the day I was happy to be here in my new job. I had been

a little nervous of course with it being my first day but everyone had made

me feel welcome.

I'd also been grateful that I hadn't run into any familiar faces! There

is a lot of churn in the industry in general but especially when it comes

to working for banks in software development. I'd recently done some

contract development work for another bank and not being one to read fine

print on contracts before signing, especially contracts with very large

daily rates, I'd later noticed while filing the old contract that it stated

I was not allowed to work for another bank for 2 years following my

previous contract. I'd just accepted this position after leaving my

contract less than 1 month before. Reading on I saw that if I breached the

agreement I was liable to pay the bank back all of my earnings as well as

face legal action. So not seeing anyone I knew was a good sign indeed - I

knew it was very unlikely to get found out - there is also a statuate of

limits which is 12 weeks so I'd be fine if I got past that.

We all packed up and Matt and Dave accompanied me down the lift. Dave's

seems to be a very nice guy, courteous and a gentleman, I think I will

forgive him if he took a snap or two. We split up as we leave the building

and head our separate ways.

Later at home I check my email. Trying out the new notebook I got with

the job. My boyfriend is away on business at the moment, suddenly my

nights are full with free time. There is a email in my new work mail box

from someone called Peter, it just has the letters "BCS" in the message.

Very odd I think. Wonder if that is a short name for a project we have?

Maybe he pressed the send button too soon. I respond, "Hi, I'm new, not

sure if we have met" etc. And ask him if BCS is a development project.

Ten minutes later I get another message, it just says "wear something

nice". What? That's very cheeky, who the hell is this anyway. Tomorrow I

think I will speak to Matt about this. I don't reply.

The next morning I am getting dressed for work and I notice I have

another mail waiting, again from this Peter person. Hmm, I click on it, it

has a link to a web site, terms and conditions of employment it seems.

It's the bank I used to work at, and the terms of their employee contracts.

BCS I realise is the initials of the bank. Something very sinister is

going on here, my heart drops. Someone, Peter? Knows I used to work there

and they know I shouldn't be working where I am now. I sit down at my

desk. What should I do. A moment later I get another email, it says "wear

something nice, make sure it has a skirt". Blackmail. What have I got

myself into. I just put a deposit down on a new house, contacts all

signed, I owe a lot of money. Can't afford to loose this job or pay any

money back to anyone. Hmm.

Ok, calm down I tell myself. I must go to work or I will be late on my

second day. I already have some nice slacks on, screw him I think, I'll go

as I am.

I get to the lobby the same time as Dave. He really is so polite and

friendly, maybe I should take him into confidence on this, ask his advice.

Of course I have only known him for one day, this is probably just his good

side I am seeing. Anyway I think, how likely is it that anyone will want

to go to the effort of causing trouble for me for no real reason. There

doesn't seem to be any upside for anyone that I can see. I decide to wait

and see.

On the way up in the elevator Dave compliments me on my outfit. I think

he might be a leg man, these pants make my legs look thin and long. To

help him out I subtly let him know I have a boyfriend. I think he's a

little disappointed but it's hard to tell.

I sit down at my desk and switch on my computer. No new emails which is

good. Maybe Peter will get bored and get lost. Still I'll see if I can

find out if there are any Peters around in the office, the online directory

shows a few but none in my office or on my floor as far as I can tell.

Later when I get back from lunch I see Dave has a new toy he is fiddling

with, it's a small black box. He says it's a hardware security module for

our servers, uses its own wireless links to authorise certain transactions

independently of the network etc. Sounds very interesting, but not to me.

I leave him to it.

After work I am back at home and decide to check on my email just in

case. There is another message from Peter. It just says "I see you don't

care for your position". Fuck you I think and leave it at that.

In the morning I wake up and see I have a text message on my phone, it

says "check your email" from some unknown number. Hmm, I check my email,

it's Peter "wear something nice AND short" then below it there is a written

email addressed to the legal department at my old company explaining my

current circumstance and giving my position, contact details and current

companies legal department contacts. He has written "Not sent - yet" at

the bottom. Bastard I think. I have to rush now otherwise I am going to

be late, I haven't got time for this rubbish, still I'll wear a skirt

today, not short, well not as short as my boyfriend likes anyway but a

skirt none the less.

Walking in to the office, I am slightly late having had Peter irritating

me. I see Dave is at his desk cursing the blank box thing. I ask him

what's going on, he says he's not sure. He had some luck writing code to

access it yesterday but today he is struggling. "Computers?" I say and ask

him if I can help. He says thanks but he will carry on struggling with it.

Later I see Dave seems to have noticed the skirt, or there is a spider

hanging down under my desk that he is struggling to draw his eyes away from

and warn me about. My skirt today comes to just below my knees when I am

sitting. Maybe he has caught an odd flash of my panties and is waiting for

the next chance? I make a note not to wear pink underwear as I did today

and to wear boring underwear if I have to wear a skirt again. I think to

myself, I like Dave but you get nothing for free! And smile, I really am

not that type of girl but its fun to think if I was.

That night at home I decide not to check my email.

The next morning though, I have another text message telling me to check

my mail. I decide it's safer to check it than not to. Sure enough there

is a message from the night before that I never checked, it says "that's

better, but only just". And there is a message from this morning too, it

simply says "I mean SHORT, as in above the knees". Christ I think what a

perv, I grab a skirt which would normally be fine for work, but with the

lack of modesty boards on these glass desks it is going to be a bit risqué

to sit down with all day - if I don't keep checking it I could end up with

it up about my thighs. It's not tight though so I can easily keep the

front down between my legs, no panties showing today - poor Dave I smile to

my self.

At the office on time thankfully, I see Dave still had the black box on

his desk. Hope its going ok for him with it. I'm just about to head to

lunch and I get a message, its from Peter, it says "pink seems to be the

general favourite, what colour are yours? I want to know, make SURE you

don't hide them all day while you sit there!". What is going on here? I

have been checking and so far no sign of anyone called Peter, but he must

be somewhere in the office otherwise he wouldn't be able to see me during

the day. Wait a minute, maybe Peter isn't his name. Could it be Dave?

Dave seems to like my legs, he's got the perfect spot for it? But he seems

like a real gentleman, I'd even take a fancy to him if I was single. It

can't be can it?

I decide that asking or hinting at it to him is not going to work, not

unless I come right out with it which I really don't want to do. I decide

to try a test, there are many people in my area of the office, maybe 20 or

25, but I can see them all quite well from my position. I decide to flash

my panties subtly at a time when only Dave could possibly see. Then

depending on Peters response I will know if Dave is Peter. They're lacy

light green by the way.

Its mid afternoon, few people around and I can see them all, I decide

now is the time. I want to make sure however embarrassing it might be that

Dave sees them. This is serious I could be in a lot of trouble and I need

to know what I am up against. It's worth a little embarrassment, and I

can't see that it is Dave, poor guy will probably be more embarrassed than

me. I shift around a bit, playing with papers on that side of my desk and

the keyboard on the other, I discover it's more difficult to get your skirt

to ride up on queue than I imagined. I may not get another chance today

when it is this quiet, I must make it happen, I pull up my dress to my

thighs and make sure nothing flaps down in front on my panties. My dress

is so high it's almost like a girdle, doesn't seem natural, too late I

can't risk changing it again, Dave didn't see me pull it up but he may look

at any time. In fact I am counting on that. He stays looking firmly at

his screen. Damn, what am I going to do, I part my legs a little, maybe 3

inches between my knees, should be able to see my panties with the light

shining through the glass desk. Still he hasn't looked as far as I can

tell. I part my legs some more maybe 9 inches or more, pretend I am

briefly reaching over and have forgotten my modesty. Anyone who looks this

way will be able to see my green translucent panties even if they are on

the other side of the office. I stay like that as long as I dare and then

I re-seat myself, pretending to suddenly notice my state and correct it.

I'm not sure if Dave looked, but I am fairly sure no one else did. That

night I check my email - nothing.

The next morning also nothing. Maybe Peter got his rocks off who knows.

I wear a skirt to be on the safe side, nothing all day from Peter. It's

the end of the week and I am relieved. All in all it has gone well work

wise. My boyfriend is back for the weekend and I decide not to tell him

about this, it will only make him worry and hopefully it is all over anyway.

I head to work...

To be continued.

zzzzzzzzzzzzz

Jill’s story - Part 2

I breeze into work on Monday after a good relaxing weekend with

my boyfriend. I haven’t heard anything and wear pants like I

plan to from now on until I can get a modestly board or something

for my desk. The day fly’s by as I learn about some new and

existing projects.

The next morning I get up and see I have a text message. It says

check my mail. Damn I think! What now. My mail just says “I

prefer skirts”. Fine I think, and I put one on and head to work.

 Nothing is said about my panty show last week and I don’t know

what to think.

Around mid morning I get a message, it says to look in my bottom

draw towards the back. I look at Dave, he doesn’t seem to be

paying any attention. I open the drawer and reach to the back,

there is a bulging envelope. I open it carefully, it has a note

and what looks like red panties in it, I don’t take them out to

check. The note says, “put them on NOW - make sure someone sees

and I don’t mean just Dave”. WHAT? I am very confused, I tried

to only show Dave my green panties, but it didn’t exactly go to

plan, I didn’t exactly see him look and I can’t be absolutely

sure no one else did. The note goes on to say “I have made

enquiries and I assure you BCS will follow up on this to the

maximum extent of the law, they have done so in the past at the

least provocation”

I get up with the envelope and go to the bathroom in a very

confused and worried state of mind. In a stall I open the

envelope and take out the red thing, they are panties, they look

a bit small for me, I am normally a small size so these must be

very small. I take off my plain white panties and put them in the

envelope, it’s all I brought with me into the bathroom in my

state, then I put on the red ones. Once on I notice to my horror

that they have a split down the front all the way to the crotch.

With them being small my pussy looks like it is literally being

squeezed out the opening down the front.

If I sit down with these on I am almost sure I wont be able to

keep my pussy covered, its going to be really exposed, possibly

worse than if I was naked because of the tight panties squeezing

it out the opening. It’s going to look engorged.

As I walk back to my desk I try to check the front of my skirt is

not showing a bulge where my pussy is. When I sit down I realise

my pussy is feeling hot, its actually getting excited, the

pressure from the panties pushing the lips together around the

clit and the walking must have got to me. I sit very still,

wishing and willing my blood pressure to go down. I’m supposed

to make sure someone sees me like this? I can’t do it. Not even

poor Dave, it would kill me with embarrassment. So that’s it,

should I call Peters bluff? Probably loose my house, my job and

reputation. Would another bank hire me after that? Probably

not, especially in this city where my life is, or was.

I need to clear my head, this is a crazy situation, what options

do I have. I could call the police, but then I will certainly

loose everything even if they could catch Peter. I don’t know

anyone here well enough to take them into my confidence. I could

flash my practically bare pussy at some person I hardly know,

which to be fair is better than colleges I have worked with for

years except that I want to and need to stay working with them in

this job possibly for years to come. Showing my pussy around the

office in week 2 hardly seems like the best way to enhance my

career goals. On the other hand it is only my pride that will

suffer isn’t it? I’m sure there may well be some laughs and

rumours but once it all blows over I will still have my life wont

I?

I’m ripped out of my confused and worried thoughts by Adrian, I

didn’t see him walk up but he is standing at my desk asking me

about a selection option in the one application.

Adrian is a tester and is working on one of the projects I am on.

 I try to concentrate on what he is saying but all I can think is

that my desk top is made of clear glass, Adrian is not very high

up, does it matter if he gets a quick flash? I must act quickly

or I won’t at all. My legs are crossed, I squirm forward in the

seat as if I am preparing to concentrate on the monitor making my

skirt ride up. Its not quite enough to reach my panties, Adrian

is standing on my right now looking at the monitor, so I flick

the dress back quickly with my hand on the other side from him.

Now my dress is around my waist, got to make this quick its too

obvious. He has a piece of paper in his hand. I take it from

him and put it down on the glass desk top, making sure to move

all other obstructions of the view through the top out the way.

From where he is standing I am sure he can see past the paper and

my bare crossed legs and red panty tops if only he would look

away from the monitor. I grab a pen and look at the paper,

doesn’t look too important I decide. I start to draw the screen

on the monitor as if I am going to show him something we could

change on the paper, he looks down. I don’t look up at him but I

think I sense him tense slightly, maybe at the sight below the

desk. Slowly and deliberately I uncross my legs, as if in

thought I pause with them about an inch apart at the crotch, I

can see my pussy lips squeezing out and I can just see the clit

pocking between them. I re-cross my legs the other way and carry

on drawing. I hope my drawing makes sense. I look back at it

and it does sort of look like the screen. I look up at Adrian,

he pretends to be looking intently at the paper and nothing else,

although I can see he is a little excited. It could become

uncomfortable for him. So I finish off our discussion and let

him escape. I am flushed and feel like I am bright red with

embarrassment. But I did it! Peter had better fucking seen

that! I am not doing it again – ever!

That night I refuse to check my email and decide that a bottle or

so of red wine will help calm my nerves.

The next morning I hear nothing but to be on the safe side I wear

a skirt to work. Nothing all day, except some slightly shy looks

from Adrian. He probably thinks I am a sex predator, I try to be

extra nice to him but that doesn’t seem to help. At least he

doesn’t seem to be sharing his experience with anyone.

That night I have some more wine and worry about my next contact,

it seems like Peter likes to wait between demands. Teasing me no

doubt. When this is over I vow to find him and make his life

hell in what ever way I can.

At the end of the following day I get a message in my mail from

Peter, it says just “that was good”. Somehow it makes me feel

grateful? I ask myself what the fuck for? But the feeling

remains, I feel appreciated it some bazaar way. I decide I need

my head read.

I hear nothing again and then it’s the weekend. My boyfriend is

back and we have a great time relaxing and enjoying each other.

I really don’t know what he would think if I told him I showed my

pussy to a college at work in the middle of the office in the

middle of the day. He’d probably ask why I never invited him.

Perv.

It’s Monday morning, but also that time of the month for me. I

decide to wear pants. Peter can go jump.

I hear nothing. And then more nothing all week. Has he gone

away? Is he tied up in meetings? What the hell is going on? It

makes me more worried than a message would have.

The following weekend comes around and I start to relax a little

again, que Sera, Sera.

On Monday I decide to wear a skirt, just because I can and

hopefully it will mean my luck will continue. Towards the end of

the day I get a message, “nice skirt, wear something tighter for

tomorrow please”. I can’t help noticing the please. What is

this politeness now, does he think we are friends or even

colleges? I think not.

The next day though I do put on a tight black skirt, a little

daring for work but still professional. Dave notices and seems

to approve, I scowl at him in a friendly way, saying it was all I

had left before the dry cleaning comes back. That night I get a

text, it just says “no underwear”.

The next morning I can’t decide what to do, I don’t want to risk

upsetting Peter. But he can’t just make demands and expect me to

do as I am told, allowing him to do so could lead him to become

more brazen. Also I never go out the house with no underwear on,

ever. I decide to wear a tiny white g-string which is

practically see through where it does cover anything. I hear

nothing all day.

Dave is still working with the black box it seems and I am sure

he is getting the odd flash while we work the day away, its very

hard not to expose something all day long when you are wearing

skirts and have no modest board and glass desks. There is a lot

of light under the glass desk top to see by too.

That night I get a text to check my mail, I’m worried when I

switch on my computer. There is a message from Peter, its not

good. “I see you think I am not paying attention. Tomorrow you

will wear no underwear, and I meant no panties yesterday but

tomorrow I mean NO underwear. And you will wear the white blouse

open to the 3rd button from last week Tuesday. You will also wear

a skirt with a hem 3 inches above your knees.”

I go to sleep worrying about what I am going to do. I have such

a skirt but it is strictly for parties.

The next day I dress as I am told, but I put on a bra and

panties. I head to work. At work I go straight to the bathroom

and remove my underwear. It is early and few people are here, I

have the bathroom to myself so I come out of the stall and look

at myself in the big mirror behind the basins. My tits are

clearly unrestrained in this top with the third button un-done

the cleavage is plunging to say the least. I look like I am on

the pull in a sleezy club. I never look like this normally. I

must go out there – must face it. I’ll sit quietly at my desk

and hope and pray that no one notices too much.

I go out into the office, it is still quiet, the few people there

take no notice of me. I sit down at my desk, first thing I

notice is that my bare bum is touching the chair fabric, nothing

I can do about it, if I try to sit on my skirt it will come up

too high in front and expose my bare pussy.

Dave arrives and doesn’t seem to notice anything out of the

ordinary. I can feel my boobs wobbling every time I stretch or

move suddenly. Anyone looking will be able to see that I have no

bra on. My nipples are not helping either by getting hard in the

cool air and poking through the blouse. Adrian comes to my desk

and stands next to me while we go through a screen, I can tell he

is peering down my top to see if he can see a nipple. I feel

like a slut in front of him, especially after my last show.

Later on before lunch I get another message, it says “undo

another button”. There are only 7 buttons on this blouse,

another one will mean that the buttons will be un-done to below

my breasts. He didn’t say when so I think I’ll leave it until

late in the day. I don’t go out for lunch, don’t want to move.

Around 3 pm I get another message, it says “now”. I know what it

means. I don’t want to get up and walk like this or back from

the bath room with another button undone. So I try to

inconspicuously undo another button. I have good size breasts,

with this 4th button undone a slight incorrect move and one of

them will be out the door so to speak.

Adrian comes over, he doesn’t try too hard not to stare, while he

stands next to me seated on my chair he can see the curve of my

breast going round towards my belly button. He drops a pen off my

desk by mistake, it lands beneath my chair, I have no choice but

to move, he bends down and has his mouth about level with my

nipple as he reaches for his pen. He hands it to me and I can

see him looking around my top at my nipple which is luckily still

inside the top with most of the rest of my breast. It’s rock

hard.

Luckily nothing else happens and I stay late so that everyone has

left before I have to get up. I head to the bathroom and put on

my underwear, doing up the 4th button and then I head home.

The next morning I have a text, it says...

To be continued.